

# THE NEWS-HERALD.

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## TRAMP PRINTER

And Still More of His Pl.  
Enterprise—Crushed Hopes—  
"Old Kaintuck"—A Pre-  
cocious Infant—A Van-  
quished Monarch.

Spring Poetry (Warranted Genuine or No  
Pay)—McClellan's Farewell to  
His Troops.

The reader may have noticed the in-  
clination of enterprising journals all  
over the country to illustrate as well as  
describe, and wood-engraving is now  
recognized as one of the principal in-  
dustries of the nation. The papers in  
this section of the State being rather  
slow to adopt the plan of giving pic-  
tures to prominent citizens the News-  
Herald has been allowed the honor of  
being first to do so, and I am the humble  
instrument of thus making it envied by  
all the other newspapers in the Con-  
gressional district. I am my own de-  
signer and engraver, and as my only  
tools are a lead-pencil and the same two-  
bit knife that did duty when I engraved  
my signature, I trust the discriminating  
public in general, and art connoisseurs  
in particular, will not judge my humble  
efforts too critically. Remember that I am  
young, and that you might be an en-  
graver some day yourself.

The first of my series of etchings will  
be found below. Other subjects I may  
take will be—well, you'll see them  
when they come out. This is supposed  
to represent the countenance of a High-  
land county capitalist when the subject  
of subscribing stock to a railroad com-  
pany or boring for natural gas is acci-  
dentally mentioned.



The above illustration was engraved  
before the open hearted citizens of the  
city decided to offer \$100,000, to the  
Duerbe Watch Case Company to induce  
them to locate here. It looks a trifle  
large to let it go in now, after their good,  
vigorous work in that direction, but I  
don't intend to let my picture waste,  
after going to the trouble to engrave it.  
Please forgive me, brother capitalists.  
Will you dears? Ah, I was certain you  
would—the fraternal feelings—ahem—  
swipes.

I am crushed. My fond anticipations  
have been crushed. My hopes are forever  
smashed to smithereens. Now comes  
Bob Burdette and in an interview with  
an embryo Villard who reports for a  
Pittsburgh daily, says that "the day of  
distinctly funny men is past forever"  
and that, instead, the ability to write  
humor has been developed more or less,  
in all journalists of intelligence, or  
words to that effect. And then he com-  
pliments O. B. Lewis, the Lime Kiln  
Club man, and one or two others, and  
never even mentioned me. Bob, Bob,  
how could you? And after I had writ-  
ten such nice things about you, too.

Is the age of miracles past? A bill  
has passed both Houses of the Kentucky  
Legislature making gambling a felony.  
What a lot of felons are manufactured  
by that simple bill! It is expected,  
however, that the courts will decide that  
the old favorite pastime of Kentucky  
gentlemen—the little harmless game of  
draw-poker, with a \$5 limit just to make  
it interesting—will not be considered as  
coming under the head of gambling.

"Yes, gentlemen" remarked the Ken-  
tucky legislator, with a Henry Clay  
sweep of his long arm, in his speech on  
the recent bill that makes gambling in  
that State a felony, "the morals of this  
great old Commonwealth must be sear-  
ed and jealously guarded. Let the  
birthright we must leave our children  
be a home where cards are unknown,  
[Applause] and where the fair angel of  
love, harmony, and fraternity ever folds  
her broad and beautiful wings to seek  
in the glorious atmosphere of honesty  
and purity." [Dismissing Applause.]  
Same voice, somewhere else, two hours  
later, "You can't bluff me, Symp; I'll  
be blank blanked if I don't raise you  
another five!"

I trust that the writer of the following  
paragraph will not bear me any ill-will  
for inserting the letter verbatim as re-  
ceived at this office, excepting the ex-  
clusion of names. Were the trifling  
errors changed, much of its quaint,  
homely beauty would be destroyed  
and besides, the mistakes are no more  
than are made by many persons un-  
used to writing for the press. And I take  
the liberty to assure the good, merrily old  
soul that her willingness to inform the  
News-Herald and its readers of such a  
proceeding, is duly appreciated. The age  
of wonders is certainly not yet past, and  
the writer can rest assured that nothing  
in this paper will be likely to attract  
more attention, or be more highly in-

teresting, than her frank, plain letter  
about the precocious innocent.

"The wonderful baby a few weeks ago  
A family by name of — moved near  
this place they have a baby 4 months  
old Sunday that can call papa & ma ask  
for a drink set a lone has 4 teeth tell  
him to shoo his fist he will shut both  
hands and hold them up tell him to  
fold his hands he will ask to see his  
teeth he will open his mouth tell him  
to say oh & he will now if you have  
such a baby in your town let us know  
it hankerchief in his lip and wipes its  
face like some child 3 years old his pa  
took him up & said now sing for pa you  
would laugh to her him try to sing I am  
an old woman but never saw such a  
baby as this."

A few days ago I was looking over  
some of my papers when I found a leaf  
that contained in a few words the his-  
tory of a mighty monarch and his reign.  
Just about a year ago I chanced to be  
treading the platform at a depot in  
Pueblo, Colorado, awaiting the depart-  
ure of the train for Denver, when my  
attention was drawn to a section of a  
big tree, which had been sawed out, was  
about two feet thick and stood upon its  
edge, protected by an iron railing. The  
tree had stood for nearly four centuries,  
as was found by counting its rings, and  
so, after all, how little of its history we  
know. It had seen generation after  
generation of red men come and pass  
away and it had beheld the savage as he  
sorrowfully passed over the great snowy  
mountains (that almost over-shadowed  
the old tree) toward the setting sun, and  
disappeared before the onward march  
of the paleface. He had seen the tee-  
pees and rude wigwags torn down and  
replaced by structures of adobe, and  
these, in turn, fall to be replaced by  
palatial structures of brick and granite.  
For years the old monarch was admired  
and petted by the new rulers of the  
land. The tradesman passed under his  
branches to rest, and the mountaineer,  
used only to scrub pine and cedars,  
stood beneath it in wonderment and ad-  
miration. The sage brush that grew in  
the alkali soil beneath its far reaching  
boughs was cut away, and under its  
very leaves grew up stores and shops,  
and still the monarch thrived. But by-  
and-by the street commissioners began  
to plot and whisper, and their plotting  
and whispers boded no good to the  
ancient monarch. The hamlet had be-  
come a village, and the village a city.  
It had grown away from the rapid little  
river of snow water, and handsome re-  
sidences were going up upon the neigh-  
boring mesa and when it was decided  
that the old tree must be cut down to  
make room for improvements on the  
thoroughfare, there arose such a protest  
from the citizens that armed force was  
necessary to prevent the populace from  
staying the woodman's ax, and a bloody  
riot was narrowly averted. But at last  
the authorities were successful, the old  
tree monarch fell, and that was how, as  
I awaited the train just about a year  
ago I was allowed the privilege of copy-  
ing from a section of the big tree the  
interesting—I may say thrilling—facts  
which appear below.

"The Vanquished Monarch—age 380  
years, height, 70 feet, circumference, 28  
feet. Was cut down in South Pueblo,  
June 29, 1883, at the cost of \$250. It  
was known throughout Colorado as the  
oldest landmark of the State. During  
the Pike's Peak excitement the old tree  
sheltered many a weary traveler. In  
1850 thirty-six persons were massacred  
by the Indians while camping near this  
tree. Kit Carson, Will Bird, Buffalo Bill  
and other noted Indian scouts have  
built their camp fires under this tree.  
It is claimed that fourteen men were  
hung upon one of the limbs at different  
times. The first white man that died  
in Colorado was interred under its  
branches. The above facts are from  
good authority."

THE VIEW FROM THE WINDOW WHERE I WRITE  
Is very inspiring. My heart is light,  
And the April sun is warm and bright.  
I gaze through the boughs of the weeping tree  
All for me mine that heart could wish—  
And the living day I get to see,  
Joseph Horton selling fish.

I don't charge you a cent for this ad-  
vertisement, Cep. No—you needn't  
send up a bunch of bananas. Dick and  
Boyd might get a hold of 'em, and I  
wouldn't get a smell; and I'm obliged  
to you for affording me some enterprise  
to write about, any way.

McCLELLAN'S FAREWELL.  
AN INCIDENT OF GEN. ORO. R. McCLELLAN'S LEAVE-  
TAKING OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, IN  
NOVEMBER, 1862.  
Along the army's drawn up front  
McClellan rides to bid farewell;  
The feelings in the leader's breast  
Tis vain that I should seek to tell;  
His staff is galloping beside  
One of the world's historic episodes—  
Along the line they quickly ride,  
Leave-taking of the gallant troops.

As past the lines McClellan dashed  
The troops were whirled him with a sigh,  
Their glittering blades and bayonets flashed  
"Salutes as he and staff rode by."  
He did not see a lone soldier there  
The shadow in the autumn breeze;  
He passed by on charger swift—  
But—now the battle flag he sees.

And quickly wheeling, back they go;  
They halt before the flag; and there  
He doffs his cap before it lies,  
While cheer on cheer breaks on the air—  
Thus, rides away—the colors flap—  
And to this day the soldiers tell  
How brave McClellan doffed his cap  
The day he bade his troops farewell.  
WISCONSIN, N. Y., Dec. 7th, 1885.

Tramp Printer

## DOWN TO CALICO.

A Story in Six Chapters.

BY JANIE DIMPLE CHIN.

### CHAPTER I.

Richard Fessenden stood before the  
mirror parting his hair carefully. He  
always parted his hair with great pre-  
cision, and this being a special occasion  
he was more precise than usual. He  
had tied a white cravat at his throat and  
dusted his graceful shoulders, and now  
the toilet was receiving its finishing  
touches. Dick was not a dandy, but he  
was very fastidious about his dress, so  
his feminine friends said, at least. He  
posed half a second and wondered what  
kind of an impression he would make  
on—but he choked that thought in his  
infancy. It was one of those very foolish  
ideas that may shoot through the  
depths of the cranium, but which we  
would be ashamed of, if the tongue  
should ever shape it into words. Dick  
was preparing for an evening party; not  
a ball, nor a German, nor a banquet, but  
one of those peculiarly delightful gather-  
ings at a hospitable home, where every-  
thing is lively, from the talkative colored  
waiter in the front hall to the French  
cook who is preparing angel's food and  
other angelic refreshments in the culi-  
nary department. There may be a little  
dancing, a little whist-playing, or even  
some progressive euchre, but the latter  
amusement, of course, can not be toler-  
ated in those circles of society where  
church sovereignty is at the maximum.  
In all cases the consolidated essence of  
female sweetness, who recently made  
her debut, is the hostess, mamma is the  
committee on ways and means, and papa  
furnishes the spendulicals. All the ac-  
companiments of an evening party in  
polite society must be perfectly, exactly,  
unswervingly just so. Polite society  
will tolerate nothing else.

You probably understand better what  
I mean by polite society than if I should  
try to explain it. The society in which  
Dick moved was "polite," no matter  
how much evidence might be adduced  
to the contrary. True, the young ladies  
sometimes whispered voluminous secrets  
in the presence of the young gentlemen,  
and masculine and feminine voices often  
blended in conversation on the added  
line above, but that was only innocent  
gossip. Some of the gentlemen in that  
circle possessed questionable characters,  
but they were never strictly impolite,  
therefore they had a place in polite so-  
ciety. Fred Seymour was not tied to  
his mother's apron strings, nor anybody's  
else, and rumor even said that he had  
been intoxicated once or twice. But he  
was so cute. He could bring down the  
house with his jokes any time. John  
Adams had a disposition remarkably  
different from the distinguished states-  
man whose name he bore. He was just  
a trifle wild, too, and gossip said some  
unseemly things about him. But he  
knew every play you could mention, and  
he was always called upon when things  
grew dull. So with the girls,  
Nellie Seymour, Fred's sister, was very  
pretty and very pouty, and Gertrude  
Davenport was so deceitful, and yet so  
pleasant. Her masochistic proclivities were  
ponderous. Florence Fisher was a back-  
biter, the girls said. They said it behind  
her back, too, poor thing. But gossip is  
hateful. What those young folks said  
about each other in an uncomplimentary  
way would make a volume. Gertrude  
Davenport's father was a lawyer, full of  
experience and self-esteem. His income  
was as large as his charities were small.  
"Malice toward all, and charity for  
none." What a motto! A term on the  
common pleas bench had given him the  
title of Judge Davenport, and now,  
beyond fifty years of age, he still con-  
tinued in the legal profession. Exorbi-  
tant fees and preposterous usury had  
given him a snug fortune, and no miser  
held his wealth with a tighter grip than  
he. He was devoted to three objects:  
first, his money, second, his daughter,  
third, his client. His riches made him  
a potent stockholder in the Marine Bank,  
and of this institution, Edwin Seymour,  
the parental ancestor of Fred Seymour,  
was cashier. Richard Y. Fessenden,  
Dick's only living relative, was president  
of that bank and was one of the ablest  
financiers in the city. Dick was not on  
the best terms with his bond-holding  
uncle at the time my story begins.

When Dick's parents died some ten  
years before, and he was left with not-  
ing but the immortal halo of his father's  
debts over his head, Richard Y.  
Fessenden's heart actually got mellow  
enough to have a kind of compassion  
for his unfortunate nephew. He school-  
ed the boy as much as he thought an  
orphan deserved, and afterward re-  
proached himself for such a silly ex-  
penditure of yellow cash. The uncle  
and the nephew did not agree on many  
topics of discussion. Richard, junior,  
inherited the innate justness of his  
father and the strong will of his mother,  
and Richard, senior, had a code of rules  
for business life, which he kept trying  
to engrave on the memory of his pro-  
tégé. Dick, however, could not see that  
his uncle's logic was Simon pure and un-  
adulterated. He said so. This would  
rouse the wrath of the elder Fessenden  
and, bringing his clenched fist down on  
an adjacent piece of furniture, he would  
say,

"I tell you, boy, you'll die poor. You  
an't make money with them ideas in  
your stubborn head. That's the way  
your father talked, and I've had to pay  
out nine thousand dollars to clear his  
debts. Mind that, boy."

With this warning the stately banker  
would rattle his gold-bowed spectacles  
into their case, push his silk hat down  
to his ears, and leave the boy to sullen  
meditation. If Dick was wrong he was  
not converted from the error of his  
ways by the tirades of his relative.  
Whenever he came in contact with his  
uncle there was a row. They quarreled  
at breakfast, dinner and supper, and  
whenever they met between meals.  
Even Jimmie, the good-tempered house-  
keeper, grew tired of the continuous  
controversy and told Mr. Fessenden if  
the fuss could not be stopped, or carried  
on in a more orderly manner, she would  
be compelled to change her residence.  
A feeling of horror, originating in his  
pocket-book, shot through Richard Y.  
Fessenden's soul as he thought of losing  
a housekeeper who did so much for so  
little. Of course, he said he should  
have been more careful in denouncing  
the folly of his wayward nephew, and  
he afterward told Dick, by way of re-  
proof, that Jimmie had complained of  
his boisterous conduct. Dick apologized  
to Jimmie and she hastened to say that  
the fault was more in his uncle than in  
him.

The patience of Richard Y. Fessenden  
was completely exhausted when Dick  
made up his mind to study law. The  
career he had napped out for his un-  
grateful nephew was not that, nor any-  
thing like it. But Dick was immovable.  
The uncle poured out his soul in a pro-  
fusion of epithets, and prophesied three  
or four chapters with enough sacred  
names in them to make them plausible  
counterparts of Scripture, and Dick was  
silent amid the tempest. Finally the  
old gentleman straightened himself up,  
his wrinkled face white with rage and  
his thin lips quivering with anger.  
Said he:

"Young man, go. Don't set foot over  
that threshold again. When your life  
is a failure and you are ashamed of your  
stubbornness, don't tell anybody I raised  
you, and don't come back here begging  
for money, money, like your father did.  
I've heard? I never saw such a—"

not related to us, except through Adam,  
and relationship is slightly uncertain  
when it gets so remote."

At this juncture somebody suggested  
that the company play charades, and  
there was no dissenting voice. All en-  
tered into it with interest and soon a  
score of busy brains were searching for  
a word that could be successfully "char-  
aded."

"Give me a piece of paper, Dick,  
please. I want to put down all the  
words we play to-night and maybe I can  
use them again," said Florence.  
"How thoughtful!" answered Ger-  
trude.

Dick produced a small note-book from  
which he tore a leaf, and he was just  
about to put the book in his pocket  
when something white slipped from be-  
tween the leaves and fluttered to the  
floor. Gertrude picked it up, an oblong  
card with a gilt edge. "Elsie Lee," read  
Gertrude, and then handed it back to  
Dick, fixing her black eyes on him quic-  
sly as she did so. Dick blushed.

"That is a friend of mine, in Toledo,"  
said he, as he put the card in the book  
and the book in his pocket.  
"Indeed," said she, "I have a friend  
in Toledo, too."

"I was born there and a good deal of  
my checkered career has been spent in  
that city."  
"Oh! well, then you may know my  
friend, Helen Hunter?"

"I have met her frequently, but I can't  
claim an intimate acquaintance."  
"But what are they all laughing  
about?" said Gertrude, as a sudden  
outburst of laughter drowned all con-  
versation, and every one around them  
seemed convulsed with merriment.

"Some of Fred's antics," she said, an-  
swering her own question. Fred Sey-  
mour had been paying his assiduous de-  
ferences to Gertrude, and she was rather  
proud of her merry companion. Dick  
was not exactly pleased to see Gertrude  
laughing at "Fred's antics." Oh, jealousy!  
your shaft is sharper than a lance's point.  
When the desultory chat  
was resumed another topic was taken  
up, and thus the evening sped away.

Gertrude seemed a little absent-  
minded. She was wondering about  
Dick's Toledo friend. "What could make  
him blush because I got the name of a  
friend of his in Toledo," she thought.  
Well, it was somewhat strange.